

EDITORIALS

World's Biggest Junk Yard

Sheriff Eugene Biscailuz has taken a move in the right direction in asking the state legislature to amend the motor vehicle code so that law enforcement authorities can remove abandoned automobiles from highways without the existing maze of legal complications.

Scenic Southern California is famed for its inspiring vistas of mountains, valleys, and seashore. It is humiliating that the natural beauty of our landscape should be marred by wrecked and abandoned clunkers and our highways fringed with tin cans, boxes, and rubbish.

There are laws forbidding the throwing of rubbish on public roads, but these laws are seldom enforced. As a result, our homeland is rapidly becoming the world's biggest junk yard.

The throwing of rubbish on highways in some eastern states is punishable with a \$500 fine and suspension of a driver's license. The state police rigorously enforce that law. The highways are clean. Sometimes a big stick is the only substitute for a lack of civic pride.

Our Christmas Dividend

It was good news last week when our neighborhood banks announced the mailing to depositors of the annual Christmas Club checks in total sums greater than in any previous year.

The nation-wide acceptance of the Christmas Club savings plan and its rapid growth is a dramatic assurance of the financial prosperity of the people. It is interesting to note that this month 12,020,000 persons will receive Christmas Club checks totaling \$1,080,000,000 from 6500 financial institutions. You read it right: that's one billion, eighty million dollars. It is \$47 million dollars more than last year, with 460,000 more people participating.

If you like to read happy news for a change, take a look at the estimated break down. \$410 million will go into Christmas purchases. \$313 million will go back into permanent savings. \$108 million will be used to pay year-end bills. \$86 million for insurance premiums. \$21 1/2 million for mortgage payments. \$21 1/2 million for education and \$32 1/2 million for miscellaneous purposes.

How do you like that for the size of the watermelon being cut this month by the American people? Figures ordinarily make dull reading, but not these figures. They prove the prosperity and frugality of the American people. They provide a preview of successful years to come.

Messages For Millions

The importance of advertising in our modern world is once more emphasized by the announcement that beginning with the April issue the Readers Digest will break a 33 year precedent by accepting display advertisements. The ubiquitous tabloid will also set an all-time record for the price paid for a one issue insertion of a five and a half by seven and a half inch advertisement. It will cost \$26,500, and advertisers regard it as a bargain! Did you ever consider what you would have to pay to send a brief message to ten million readers? If you used the cheapest mailing medium—the postal card—the postage alone would amount to \$200,000.

On the neighborhood level, the best buy in advertising is still your community newspaper. The high percentage of results from the community newspaper is due to its tremendous readership power. The community newspaper holds a unique place in American life. It is eagerly read from first to last page because it is filled with the names of folks personally known to its readers. The community newspaper maintains an intimate contact with those who live within its circulation territory.

It is axiomatic that the value of news is in direct proportion to its distance. Somehow, the loss of a thousand lives in a far-off flood in Pakistan interests us mildly, whereas we get vigorously excited about the traffic accident that befalls the man next door or the engagement of the little girl who grew into womanhood across the street.

Your community newspaper can say: "Howdy, neighbors!" and really mean it.



LAW IN ACTION

YOU WON'T BE THERE

The big thing about your will: When it goes into effect, you will not be there. The court cannot ask, "Did you mean such and such to take place?" Or did you just forget to mention certain members of your family?

So, in time, laws and court decisions have sprung up to guide the court when testators (will writers) have been vague. To decide these matters, the law assumes certain things as to what you would mean had you clearly said so. If the court finds all well with your will it will put it into legal effect. But if it finds something legally wrong or uncertain, then the court may interpret your will under the rules. Or it may make adjustments provided by law in some cases. Or the defect may require the entire will to be discarded. Then the court will dispose of your estate in the way the law provides. The persons who receive it may be those whom you would rather exclude. This is why you may need some expert help in drafting your will. Court procedure aims to help, not hinder, the will writer and the heirs. Yet, no one can

tell what you meant if you do not say so yourself clearly. So those who prepare wills must follow certain established rules to put your wishes into effect. Otherwise, the law must take over and do things its own way. One instance: Suppose a man with a wife and two children just says in his will that everything goes to his wife. He may have given his children gifts during his lifetime. But the rules say that where the wife and the children are legal heirs, he cannot omit them unless he shows that he intended to omit them. So, instead, in this case, the court might award part of the estate to the children. Likewise, in some cases grandchildren by a deceased child get part of the estate because of omissions in a will.

As a rule, such an awkward arrangement can be bypassed. The testator can just say, in effect, that he intentionally makes no provision for his children and their issue. He may add reasons where appropriate. NOTE: The State Bar of California offers this column for your information so that you may know more about how to set under our laws.

Things Will Look Up In '55



It's Your Country

By JOHN W. BECK

American Heritage In Peril TRUTH NEEDED: At a time when so few dare speak out in defense of America, a recent statement by Russell Maguire, chairman of the board of American Mercury magazine, is particularly heartening. Maguire says that American Mercury "is dedicated to fighting for the basic principles which are so vital to the American way of life and its institutions." He warns that our heritage is now in grave peril and announces a tremendous campaign by American Mercury to get the truth to the people of our country.

Never have we more desperately needed the truth. While we knock ourselves out trying to sell something called Democracy to foreign countries who want our dollars but not our principles and ideas, our own country is steadily being infiltrated and subverted by an un-American, un-Christian ideology which eventually will spell our destruction. There are plenty of voices, and American voices at that, loudly peddling left-wing propaganda designed to undermine the United States and our Constitution, customs, and traditions. These spellbinders, under the sponsorship of supposedly respectable American institutions and organizations, travel the length and breadth of our land, telling us we must arm, defend, and support the world, but that we must be very, very careful to conduct our domestic affairs to meet the approval of the socialist and communist nations of Europe and Asia.

rious inference that all Russians are free, while all Americans are not, will doubtless make a choice, reprint for Pravda and the Daily Worker.

TRAGEDY: The tragedy of it that not only do we allow such statements as Dr. Carey's to go unchallenged; not only do we permit such people to fill the minds of our school children with un-American propaganda and unadulterated lies about our own country; but, through our tolerance and generosity, we support the agencies which sponsor such propaganda, and pay such people as Dr. Carey for disseminating it.

Never do these left-wing spokesmen for the UN and other "world-minded" agencies refer to the slave labor camps in Russia, nor to the thousands and thousands of innocent people who have been tortured and killed for holding opinions not approved by the Kremlin butchers. Never do they refer to the worse than snobbish social class system in England where "commoners" must court the royalty; nor to the rigid and cruel caste system in India where millions of people, through the accident of birth, must spend their lives as "untouchables"; nor do they refer to the native "bearers" in India who must sleep like dogs outside the doors of the wealthy, waiting to do their bidding. Would Dr. Carey and others who are so busy slandering America like to exchange the freedoms they enjoy here for any of these?

OUT OF THE PAST

From the Files of the Torrance Herald

30 YEARS AGO

November, 1924

Members of the Torrance PTA asked strict enforcement of laws placing a curfew on children under 16 after 9 p.m. . . . Lomita was holding a hot debate over whether to hold an election on the question of incorporation. . . . Trial was being held for two former Torrance policemen and a Hermosa Beach attorney on charges of extortion. . . . The Bert S. Crossland Post of the American Legion presented a comedy, "Ten Thousand Dollars". . . . A lengthy controversy over the local police situation, a vote of Torrance citizens endorsed the appointment of Louie Patterson as police chief. . . . A local car agency was offering a slightly used 1924 car for \$275.

20 YEARS AGO

November, 1934

A bid of \$34,876 was accepted for construction of the Torrance Post Office. . . . Torrance gas rates were being considered for revision, after a survey showed that charges in various parts of the county were unequal. . . . Torrance got its own justice court when the Ingleswood Court was divided. . . . The city was floating bonds for the purchase of the Dominguez Water Company, which controlled local water supplies. . . . A wrecking truck was called out to rescue two Torranites after their

horses got stuck in quicksand in the Los Angeles River bed. . . . A local restaurant was advertising a complete Thanksgiving dinner for 50 cents. . . . Milady was paying the following prices for Thanksgiving ingredients: coffee, 17 cents per pound; butter, 35 cents a pound; milk, 10 cents per quart; eggs, 35 cents per dozen; shortening, 11 cents per pound; turkey, 29 cents per pound; and potatoes, five pounds for 15 cents.

16 YEARS AGO

November, 1938

Thirty-two parents, led by Mrs. Evelyn Carr, announced plans for a concerted effort to set up a separate school district for Torrance. . . . Police Sgt. Willard H. Hassam (now police chief) nabbed two men with more than \$1000 worth of loot, including firearms, and 1000 rounds of ammunition. . . . The Torrance Pacific Electric Shops announced that it was beginning to repair the \$20,000 damage done by a recent earthquake. . . . The Torrance USO closed, because the number of servicemen in the area had declined. . . . A Waltera War Memorial, of 111 books for Walterians in service, was dedicated. . . . Permer Mayer William Klusman was found dead in his car, an apparent suicide.

The Torrance High School Bees won the Marine League championship by beating Gardena 18-6.

The SQUIRREL CAGE

By REID BUNDY

When it began to look like there would be no seconds on turkey for the slow eaters Thursday, I sidled up to my nephew, who had just returned from a tour of duty on Okinawa with the Army and said: "Yesserebb, us dogfaces better sidk together if we're going to get seconds in this chow line."

"What's a dogface Uncle Reid?" "You mean to tell me you don't refer to a soldier as a dogface?" I asked.

I could see by the surprised expression that he didn't. As a matter of fact, it turned out that the World War II language of the soldier is no longer used. In its place is a gibberish which is a mixture of he-bop and Japanese.

"Stay loose, oldtimer, it should be no great get more bird more skosh, if we can get by the jossan honcho," the GI said. I don't mind telling you that I had no idea what he was talking about. It turned out to be very simple, however.

Stay loose means just that: take easy. No sweat means a mission accomplished without any trouble. More Skosh means a short time.

Jo-san means female and honcho means boss. In this case, the GI was presiding over the serving table. Oh well, live and learn.

A dogface is no longer a dogface—he's a plain soldier, or in some cases, a young trooper.

There are several ways to say "stay easy." You can tell a young trooper to "stand tall," or "don't clut up."

Soldiers don't goldbrick anymore, the generals will be glad to learn.

They just "bug outta here" until the details are piled. To hole like a bug and hide out until the heat is off. (That's different than goldbricking.)

Some other expressions picked up between helpings of dressing (there were plenty of seconds on that) included hoodlums who have replaced the foxhole in the soldier's lingo. A hoochie is a gun buster used throughout Korea and, unlike a foxhole, is made to accommodate several soldiers instead of one.

Tch-ban means "the most." It is used to denote the favorite or, in most cases, the No. 1 boy.

Tak-san is the term used to mean very much.

A short timer is a serviceman with only a short time remaining in his enlistment. When the soldier comes home for Christmas, don't think you can talk his language with a few outmoded World War II expressions. If that's all you have, you better "bug out."

Bob Lewellen, owner of Lewellen Press, is taking full credit for Notre Dame's 23-17 win over Southern California Saturday afternoon.

Back in the early 30s, when the great Louis Zamperini was setting intercollegiate track records for Torrance High School and was being pursued by colleges all over the nation, he competed against a Montana runner named Greg Rice, who turned in a top performance against the world record smashing Zamperini.

Lewellen, then writing sports for the Torrance HERALD, arranged for Rice to go to Notre Dame and he turned out to be one of the school's all-time great track stars, setting a two-mile mark which stood in the books for many years.

In appreciation for getting him into Notre Dame, Rice sent a letterman's sweater to Lewellen.

Now, each time Notre Dame and SC play football, Lewellen hauls the sweater out of the closet and hangs it up in his office.

Saturday was no exception. Lewellen had the sweater hanging on the wall of his office on Gramercy Ave. as usual when the kick-off came. There it stayed until SC went out in front 14-0 in the late minutes of the game.

"If Notre Dame's going to play like that, I'm taking the sweater down," Lewellen said. The sweater was hardly off the wall when SC fumbled, Notre Dame recovered and in 4 out plays went ahead with a touchdown. Before Lewellen could get the sweater back on the wall, SC bobbled a pass from center which sailed back through the end zone for a two-point safety.

"There's a game than one way to win these games," Lewellen said as he hung the sweater back—the score now was 23-17. That's where the game ended.

OF ALL THINGS

By Robert E. Martin

John L. Lewis is still on the job.

President of the United Mine Workers of America, leader of the dirty-faced, grimy-eared men who burrow like moles deep in the earth, John L. Lewis has dedicated his life to a task that is as hard and thankless as any one man can bear.

He was at Farmington, Va., last week . . . on hand to comfort the widows and mothers of 16 men who perished in the blast of methane gas. At this writing, one body has been found. Fifteen have been sealed in their blazing tomb by steel plates and tons of earth moved into place by monstrous bulldozers. . . . the one and only way to extinguish the holocaust of methane gas.

In this particular case, Lewis has agreed that the accident was not caused by company negligence. Methane is released by any change in barometric pressure, and tests had been carried out only a half-hour before the blast.

Lewis, stern old watchdog of mining safety, wasn't missing any angles.

In the Past But it has not always been that way in coal mining. Miners in the past had no voice, they had no education, few of the basic rights of human beings. . . . and few safety precautions were observed by company officials.

So when John L. Lewis came along and raised a bushy eyebrow, it was decided to stamp him out then and there. . . . a goal that is probably still on the minds of a good many mine owners.

Like the proverbial "bull in a china shop," Lewis smashed his way into the national spotlight by laying open . . . wide the injuries and fatalities. Yes, this man raised the price of coal, but he also raised the standard of human beings so easily forgotten by who starch our collars and file our well-kept fingernails. He visited the mining towns and found a thousand paraplegics. . . . men paralyzed below the waist by reason of injury to their spinal cord. . . . and ordered them taken from their grimy hovels to hospitals for proper medical attention.

Assembly Base Lewis dared to reveal that up until he was hauled before a Senate subcommittee in 1952, since 1889, more than 114,000 men had been killed in bituminous and anthracite mine accidents. And, on the average, more than a million men still are injured every two decades.

"How many shocks does it take to move us? Do we live only on shocks and thrills and sensations and the debasement of human values and the wastage of human life?" he asked.

Can it be that the far-famed bushy brows of this man hid the deep meaning in his eyes when he told the nation: "I resent the continuous killing of these men by neglect, inattention and by design. I am speaking for the employees of this industry who are not yet dead."

Many of us imagined that we were being faced by a money-grabbing tyrant. . . . but we would have had to see what John L. Lewis is before we could fully comprehend the horror that was eating away at his heart.

West Frankfort, Ill. Speaking of the 119 killed in the blast at West Frankfort, Ill., on Dec. 31, 1951, Lewis said:

"They want to work, the last shift before Christmas, and many of them were brought home to their loved ones in rubber sacks. . . . rubber sacks! Because they were mangled and shattered, and blown apart, and cooked with gas, until they

no longer resembled human beings. And the best the morticians could do was put them in long rubber sacks with a zipper. And for a Christmas present to Franklin County, 119 families could look at rubber sacks in lieu of their loved ones!"

Work Stoppages This is what John L. Lewis saw when he demanded work stoppages, new safety precautions that raised the price of coal and brought the wrath of so many down upon him.

You might ask why a white collar man in California would champion the cause of Lewis and his army of nobodies. . . . well, this editor lived with these people for two years. He went to their churches and associated with their sons and daughters. He ate at their tables and has visited the blackest of their pits. . . . to shrink in terror as the very silence of eternity closed in about him.

Yes, he has also tried to voice words of help or comfort to those who lost their men in blasting infernos. . . . and he has failed, because he was too small. Nobodies? Think twice, well, this editor lived with these people for two years. He went to their churches and associated with their sons and daughters. He ate at their tables and has visited the blackest of their pits. . . . to shrink in terror as the very silence of eternity closed in about him.

Do you know that it took four major mine explosions and the lives of 1500 men before Congress finally gave the Federal Bureau of Mines the right to inspect mines? Do you know that there are nearly 10,000 coal mines in the United States and that up until a few years ago scarcely a few dozen of them could live up to the Federal Safety Code?

You might say that the rough-and-tumble tactics, as used by Lewis, are wrong. You might add that he is being more than well paid for his work. But in his own way, Lewis has raised the standards of living and safety for the tens of thousands of fine American men engaged in mining.

This man has forced a conscience upon an industry. How far are we from the little coal mining towns of Ohio, Illinois, Iowa, Kentucky and West Virginia? Are they so far from us that we needn't care?

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1610 Gramercy Ave. FA 8-4000

SWAN WILLIAMS, Publisher

GLENN W. PFEIL, General Manager

REID L. BUNDY, Managing Editor

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